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I do not believe Piso's Cure for Consumption has a equal for coughs and colds—John E. Ryan, Trinity Springs, Ind., Feb. 16, 1903.

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PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION. CURE WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Put in time. Sold by druggists.

A SERMON FOR SUNDAY

AN INTERESTING DISCOURSE BY DR. HOWARD DUFFIELD.

Subject: Heart Failure—The Autobiography of Our Souls is Often Stained With the Very Faithlessness Which Blots the Memoirs of the Apostles.

NEW YORK CITY.—Dr. Howard Duffield, pastor of the Old First Presbyterian Church, Fifth Avenue and Twelfth street, preached Sunday morning on "Heart Failure." He took his text from Mark xiv: 50: "And they all forsook Him and fled." Dr. Duffield said:

What a coward! Comrades of Jesus, shall a three years' friendship with the Master come to such an end? Shall the storm winds of man's sin go swirling like leaves in the wind before a puff of panic fear? Apostles of Jesus, why will ye be pilloried for potpourri? When defeat brooded over the hills of Gilead and the remnants of the armies of Israel lay strewn through the Judean valleys, Saul and Jonathan died together. When Socrates kept tryst with death the priest in which he sat became like a hall of banqueting and the friends of the philosopher conversed of devoted friends within of sharing with him the cup of hemlock. When the sun of Austerlitz that had bathed the earth in glory at its rising, sank eclipsed in blood behind the plain of Waterloo, the flies of the imperial guard drew up on parade and died beneath the flag. But in the hour of his extremest need the comrades of Christ forsook Him and fled. Those that had seen Him walk the stormy sea, conquer disease with a finger-touch and dethrone death with a syllable, when a squad of hirelings with swords and the ruffian of the city with staves, came out to take Him, they forsook Him and fled.

Jesus walked the pathway of tears, and no one kept step with Him. The hour has sounded for chivalry and His friends exhibited potpourri. The call was for heroes, and those that followed Him to the cross, instead of their faces to the foe. Occasion beat the long roll, but the battle line became a rout. Imagine that scene reversed. Imagine that cordon of apostles buttressing Christ against assault as with a citadel of rock. Imagine that the roots of the trees themselves like storm-torn oaks, and opposing the metal corslets of Christ's foes with the breastplate of their invulnerable affection. We can almost see them converting Gethsemane into a Gibraltar of affection, and shattering the onset of embittered persecution upon the impregnable front of a devotion that was stronger than death. We are well nigh envious of their opportunity.

The possibility of such loyalty has not yet passed away, it has not yet become impossible for one to show a stalwart allegiance to Jesus Christ in the face of contempt and antagonism. "They are not yet dead that seek the young child's life." Christ does not recede with the ebb of passing years. The men of His age are sleeping in their sepulchres. The first element of heart failure is disappointment. The apostles had a very well defined theory as to what Christ had come to do for them, but they had thought very little of what they were to do for Him. They had a clear conception of the prerequisite of discipleship. They were deeply concerned as to the pattern of their crowns. They knew to a nicety the company they were to keep, and they were anxiously parcelling out the cities over which they were to rule. With their feet treading the very ascent to Calvary they were badgering each other as to which of them should be greatest. Jesus had come to give them a life of ease and self-satisfaction. No more stormy nights upon Gennesareth; no more tugging at the nets and pulling the wet cordage of their boats; no more weary days braving in the Capernaum market place to get salt for their meat and butter for their bread. Christ had a whole cornucopia of splendors to empty into their lap—kingships, and dignities, and thrones, and scepters. When as with a lightning stroke all these fond dreams went whistling down the wind, and their cloud palaces vanished like mist at sunrise, disappointment thrust its into into the soul, and away they went, spurred by an impulse which for the moment was irresistible. Their thought had been centered on the good they were to get, not upon the good they were to do.

It is not impossible that you and I should just as mistakenly interpret the purpose of Christ's mission. In some pivotal moment the consciousness of them unexpectedly leaps up and chills us with its shadow. We are lashed by the scorpion whip of conscience. We shudder at the thought of death. The awe of eternity overshadows us. With timid fingers we open the Book of God. With eager eye we scan the page of Scripture. A wondrous gospel salutes us. Glad tidings ring like music through our hearts concerning One who has a welcome for the outcast, who can win the most sordid soul, who will uplift the fallen and recall the wandering, and who has planted His mighty heel upon the head of death. We kneel rejoicingly at the foot of the cross. We surrender our life into the keeping of Jesus. We yield Him the ready homage of our hearts. Then comes the danger hour. Then we are in peril of thinking how much Christ has to give, and too little of what He is training us to give. Then we are prone to dwell in imagination with the spirits of just men made perfect, and the companies of the shining ones who walk with Christ in glory, until we lose touch with the men and women who throng about us warped and stained with the sin and sorrow of the world. We forget that forgiveness is not the last word but the first word of the Gospel. We forget that pardon is not the last utterance but the first utterance that Jesus has spoken. We overlook the fact that there is a culture of character which demands the energy of a hero and the patience of a devotee, that there is a service of others that calls for the crucifixion of self.

Another element of heart failure is doubt. How was it possible for the apostles to recognize a Messiah under arrest? Was this the upshot of centuries of prophecy? Was this the story that the messengers of God had been telling of majesty and glory and of victory? Was the Prince of the house of David to be dragged away in chains and the Lion of Judah to be thrust into a cage? Clouded in their perceptions, confused in their thought, confounded by the jargon of doubt, Jesus disciples hurried away beneath the shadows of a night that but faintly suggest the dark questionings that must have shadowed their devoted hearts.

This is an age of doubt. Demon whispers are upon every breeze. Siren songs are at every turn. Faiths are under the scalpel. Creeds are in the crucible. Beliefs are upon the anvil. A searching and pitiless criticism is passing under its lens everything that men have counted helpful and holy in the days gone by. For one, I do not regret it. Flame will never harm gold. A file's tooth cannot bite a diamond. But an age of doubt brings many a doubting day into the hearts of faithful and loving disciples. The champions of the faith had their doubting days. The record of which is written in the Scripture with a pen dipped in tears. There came a day when David loving, trusting, aspiring spirit that he was, bemoaned the time when God's face was hidden. There came a day when Elijah, that man with nerve of steel and heart of fire, lay spent and worn by the stress of mental conflict under the juniper tree in the desert. There came a day when John the Baptist, that mounted like an eagle to greet the dawn of truth, felt his heart weaken and his eye dim. There came a Gethsemane to every one that is following Jesus closely, a time of darkness, of loneliness, of a wrestling in the night, when those that love us most

seem wrapped in sleep, unable to comprehend the conflict that surges within our soul. There are doubting days in the calendar of experience when the earth trembles beneath the feet, when the guiding stars of destiny are veiled with a cloud, when the altar flame of life burns into ashes, when the eyes of faith are blinded with a mist of tears, and when hope bows her serene head and hides her radiant face.

Another element of heart failure is danger. There was an element of personal peril that night which we must not forget to introduce into our analysis of the impulses that drove the apostles away from Christ. In all likelihood the thought of danger little affected the comrades of Jesus. With us it is apt to be the overmastering consideration. The retreating apostles were not so much afraid of some monarch. We rehearse stories of Siberian atrocity until the blood chills. There is but one absolute monarch—the czar of human opinion. The usque which he issues drags us all into a Siberia of meanness but faintly typified by the degradation of those gloomy mines that burrow into the Asiatic mountains.

The opinion of the world exerts the finest feeling. It dungeons our most cherished aspirations. It vetoes independence. We dare not be free and manly and genuine. It makes our feet fast in the stocks of its whims. We are all the while asking which way the weather-cock points—and we trim. We are diligent in inquiring how the current sets, and we veer. Instead of asking whether the needle points and setting our feet to the pole star; instead of reading the chart and laughing to scorn the fret and roar of the billows. We serve Christ, by the world's permission. Why should we be so deferential to the world's opinion? If you ship, will the world help you up? If you have blotted the fair page of your life, is the world helping you to whiten it? If you are sick, will the world play physician? If you are struggling with the all the energy that is in your soul to scale some stony height of purity and of nobility will the world lend you a hand? When your path enters the valley of the shadow will the world walk beside you on that lonely and mysterious way? When your stay here is ended will the world spend one thought upon you, keep flowers growing on your tombstone? There is one who loves you, one who, whenever you slip, has an arm of love ready to catch you; when you fall has messages of hope ready to whisper in your ear. He will whiten your soul. He will give you weakness. He will school your ignorance. He will share your sorrow. He will accompany you as you cross the frontier of time. He will introduce you into an unclouded eternity beyond. Why care very much for the opinion of the world in which we are but a fraction now, and in which to-morrow we will be a cipher? Why not very keenly care for one whose love envelops our being as with an atmosphere?

Turn the page and read the later story of apostolic loyalty. The sequel is different from the preface. Call the roll of that glorious company of the apostles and hear every compass point ring with fidelity to Jesus. Read how your good friend Paul, with many blood from Abyssinia to India, began the chronicle with that tradition of Simon Peter, who was led out to death in the Roman amphitheatre while his wife was crowned with martyrdom before his eyes, to shake if possible the stanch rock of his bedded faith. And while she suffered he called her by name and addressed her in terms of most tender affection and exhorted her to remember the love of the blessed Lord and to be firm until the very end. His turn came next. He had but a single favor to ask from God as he stood there in the old Roman circus face to face with death, and that was that he might remain firm for one more hour. He had but a single favor to ask from man, and that was that he might be crucified head downward, as it was a great relief to suffer in the same way Jesus did. The whole company of the apostles went sweeping home to their Master in chariots of fire. They sealed their allegiance to Him with their blood. Since the night of panic they had come to see Jesus under a new aspect. They had known Him as a friend. He had a place at their table and a voice in the home talk. He had a seat at their firesides and shared in their plans. They had strolled together up and down the field paths. They had paced side by side through the city streets. He had colored their sympathies, molded their character, enriched their lives; but the bond of friendship broke in the hour of trial. They had known Him as a friend. They had been fascinated by the crystal-clear form of His statement. They had thrilled to the searching and subtle touch of His mountain sermon. They had felt the subtle charm of His parables, but the spell of His wisdom did not keep them true on the night of His betrayal. They had seen Him as a miracle worker. They had beheld the storm sleep like a child at His command. They had witnessed leprosy converted into purity at His touch. They had seen the wither of the scabulous bloom into the spring when His sandals touched the lintel of the tomb, but the power of Jesus did not armor them to look upon the face of fear. But since that hour of heart failure they had come to know Him as their Saviour. They had seen Jesus die for them. They had felt the touch of love that death could not quench. They had been beneath the arms of the cross outstretched to shelter them. They had caught the accents of His parting prayer, "Father, forgive." They had heard His triumph shout, "It is finished." As their Redeemer Jesus riveted them to Himself with hooks of steel.

In this day of force worship it is timely to uplift Christ as the vitalizing energy of humanity. It is pertinent to emphasize the deathless power that resides in Christianity. It is interesting to note that the accents of His parting prayer, "Father, forgive." They had heard His triumph shout, "It is finished." As their Redeemer Jesus riveted them to Himself with hooks of steel. In this day of force worship it is timely to uplift Christ as the vitalizing energy of humanity. It is pertinent to emphasize the deathless power that resides in Christianity. It is interesting to note that the accents of His parting prayer, "Father, forgive." They had heard His triumph shout, "It is finished." As their Redeemer Jesus riveted them to Himself with hooks of steel.

A woman is never so lonely as when she knows a secret and has no one to tell it to.

TACOMA'S BIG SAWMILL.

With one Exception it is the Largest in the World.

At Tacoma I visited a sawmill said to have a greater capacity than any other in the United States, and, with one exception (in Norway), the greatest in the world. It is, in fact, two separate mills, covering a wide, low flat, with docks on the sound where ships can be loaded at the door of the yards. Here the logs from the camp which we visited are sawed. They are dumped from the railroad cars into ponds of water and held until the mill is ready to cut them into lumber. Mr. Royce showed me through this great establishment, with its devices for handling the enormous logs of fir and cedar, hemlock and spruce, which come to it daily.

Nearly every step in the long process is performed by some human-like machine. Logs weighing many tons are handled like jackstraws, pulled out of the water, whirled over, lifted about, gripped, slabbled off, turned again easily, and, directed by the swift and sure judgment of the expert sawyer, driven through hand-saws or great gang-saws, cutting twenty boards or more at once, and finally trimmed to certain lengths—everything moving at once, smoothly, with absolute exactitude. In fifteen minutes from the time the log enters the mill it has been reduced to lumber of several grades; the poor parts have been whittled up into lath and shingles, the slabs have been shot out on a great pile for firewood, and the remaining bark, sawdust and refuse have been carried away to the fire heap. This mill cuts 100,000,000 feet of lumber and 90,000,000 shingles a year, and its product goes the world over—to Australia, Hawaii, China, South Africa, South America and Europe.—From Ray Stannard Baker's "The Conquest of the Forest" in the Century.

Darwin's Comparison.

In a letter Darwin wrote: "At a house where we have been staying there were Sir A. and Lady Hobhouse, not long ago returned from India, and she and he kept a young monkey and told me some curious particulars. One was that her monkey was very fond of looking through her eyeglasses at objects and moved the glass nearer and farther so as to vary the focus. This struck me, as Frank's son, nearly 2 years old—and we think much of his intellect—is very fond of looking through my pocket lens and I have quite in vain endeavored to teach him not to put the glass down on the object, but he always will do so. Therefore I conclude that a child under 2 years is inferior in intellect to a monkey."

Victims of Too Much Sympathy.

The Rev. Dr. Lorimer, the minister at the Madison Avenue Baptist church, is responsible for this story, though he does not vouch for the truth of it, useful as it may be to point a moral:

"A nestful of young linnets were in the corner of a field in India. Having lost their mother, they were cold and hungry. They flapped their little featherless wings, thereby attracting the attention of a huge elephant which stood near by.

"Ah," said the elephant, "you poor little things. You have lost your mother, and have nobody to nestle you. I am a mother, and have a mother's heart. I will nestle you and keep you warm!" And thereupon the elephant sat upon the nest containing the poor little linnets.—New York Times.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

An electric eel must lead a shocking life.

Every thief would like to keep himself unspotted.

The world is but a ring on which men cut their eye-teeth.

TESTED BY TIME.

Mrs. Robert Broderick, who resides at 1915 Virginia St., in San Antonio, Texas, tells an experience that will interest every reader; it shows as well that Doan's cures are lasting cures. She says: "Up to the early part of the year 1902 I had been a sufferer from kidney troubles for many years. The pain in my back became worse and worse until it was a daily burden that interfered with every duty. I was much afflicted with headaches and dizzy spells and was unable to rest well nights. In May, 1902, after using Doan's Kidney Pills I made a statement for publication declaring that they had entirely relieved me of the pain in my back. I have since then had a year's time in which to study the effects of the medicine, and while I have had slight touches of the trouble since, the use of the pills has always driven away all signs of the disorder, and I have become convinced of the fact that the first treatment was practically permanent in its effects, and I know that a box of Doan's Kidney Pills kept on hand is a sufficient guarantee against any suffering from the kidneys or back. I should advise every sufferer to take Doan's Kidney Pills, and I know that they will be surprised and pleased with the result."

A FREE TRIAL of this great kidney medicine which cured Mrs. Broderick will be mailed on application to any part of the United States. Address Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all druggists, price 50 cents per box.

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FREE MEDICAL ADVICE. Every working girl who is not well is cordially invited to write to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for advice; it is freely given, and has restored thousands to health.

Miss Paine's Experience.

"I want to thank you for what you have done for me, and recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to all girls whose work keeps them standing on their feet in the store. The doctor said I must stop work; he did not seem to realize that a girl cannot afford to stop working. My back ached, my appetite was poor, I could not sleep, and menstruation was scanty and very painful. One day when suffering I commenced to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and found that it helped me. I continued its use, and soon found that my menstrual periods were free from pain and natural; everyone is surprised at the change in me, and I am well, and cannot be too grateful for what you have done for me."—Miss JANET PAINE, 530 West 125th St., New York City. —\$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

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a perfect health restorer as well as a health retainer. It filters the body taking out injurious matter, stimulating digestion and nourishing and strengthening every weakened part. A Tonic of the highest order that has been used by hundreds of thousands during the past 50 years with wonderful success. It will help you. A test will demonstrate this. Buy a bottle today.

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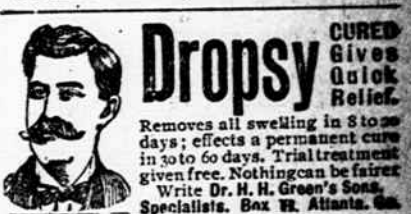
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